

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Messen. Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes, that vncontrolde
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they go.

Qu. What redresse shall we haue for this, My Lords?

Yorke. 'Twere good that my Lord of *Somerſet*
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.

Somer. Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue lost as much as I.

Yorke. I, for *Yorke* would haue lost his life, before
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

Somer. I so thou mightst, and yet haue govern'd worse then I.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? then a shame take all.

Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

Queen. *Somerſet* forbear, good *Yorke* be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

Yorke. Well Madame, sith your Grace is so content,
Let me haue some bandes of chosen soldiers,
And *Yorke* shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those Kernes.

Queen. *Yorke* thou shalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be it your charge to muster vp such soldiers
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

Buck. Madame I will, and leuie such a band
As soone shall overcome those Irish Rebels.

But *Yorke*, where shall those Soldiours stay for thee?

Yorke. At *Bristow*, I'll expect them ten daies hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farwell.

Exit Buck.

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of *Buckingham*.

Queen. *Suffolke*, remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall, concerning Duke *Humfrey*.
'Twere good that you did see to it in time,

Com.

Yorke and Lancaster.

Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.

Exit omnes, Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke* bethinke thy selfe, and rouze thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,
'Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of *Ashford*,

Vnder the title of *John Mortimer*,

(For he is like him euery kinde of way)

To raise commotion, and by that meanes

I shall perceiue how the common people

Do affect the claime and house of *Yorke*,

Then if he haue successe in his affaires,

From Ireland then comes *Yorke* againe,

To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,

Now if he should be taken and condemn'd,

Hee'l nere confesse that I did set him on,

And therefore ere I go ile send him word,

To put in practise and to gather head,

That so soone as I am gone he may begin

To rise in armes with troopes of country swaines,

To helpe him to performe this enterprize.

And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,

None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,

But *Yorke* can tame, and headlong pull them downe.

Exit Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humfrey* is discovered in his
bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed.

And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

Suff. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant you.

Suff. Then see the cloathes laid smoothe about him still,

That when the King comes, he may perceiue

No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

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